shall grow stronger then twas before.

Cas. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now: for while this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this pestilence into his care,
That she repeales him for her bodyes lust;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh em all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgeld: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with that wit returne to *Venice.*

Iag. How poore are they, that ha not patience?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by wicherafte,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Do'st not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheird *Cassio*,
The other things grow faire against the sun,
But fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe,
Content thy selfe awhile; bi'the masse tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billeted,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
I'le set her on.
My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassio, *with Musitians and the Clowne.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.

Clo. Why masters, ha your instruments bin at Naples, that they speake i'the nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instruments that I know: But

maisters,